Glen. 130.

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THE | CALEDONIAN SONGSTER : | A Selection of Choice | Songs from BURNS, RAMSAY, &c., | with an elegant Engraving. | EDINBURGH : | Printed for the Booksellers. | 1803.
Printed by J. FINLAY, Arbroath.

Nasmyth's Portrait. Engraved by R. Scott.

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

ROBERT BURNS

Glen 130

THE

Caledonian Songster:

A SELECTION OF CHOICE

SONGS,

FROM

BURNS, RAMSAY, *&c.*

With an Elegant Engraving.

Edinburgh:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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SONGS.

JOHN BARLEYCORN*.

A

BALLAD.

THERE was three kings into the eaſt,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae ſworn a ſolemn oath
John Barleycorn ſhould die.

They took a plough and plow'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae ſworn a ſolemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And ſhow'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And ſore ſurpris'd them all.

The ſultry ſuns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and ſtrong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed ſpears,
That no one ſhould him wrong.

* This is partly compoſed on the plan of an old ſong known by the ſame name.

The ſober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour ſicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To ſhow their deadly rage.

The've taen a weapon, long and ſharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then ty'd him faſt upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full ſore ;
They hung him up before the ſtorm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darkſome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him ſink or ſwim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And ſtill as ſigns of life appear'd,
They toſs'd him to and fro.

They waſted, o'er a ſcorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worſt of all,
He cruſh'd him between two ſtones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;

And ſtill the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterpriſe,
For if you do but taſte his blood,
'Twill make your courage riſe.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to ſing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toaſt John Barleycorn,
Each man a glaſs in hand;
And may his great poſterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

A

FRAGMENT.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

WHEN *Guilford* good our pilot ſtood,
An' did our helſim thraw, man;
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man:
Then up they gat the maſkin pat,
And in the ſea did jaw, man:
An' did na leſs, in full congreſs,
Than quite refuſe our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na ſlaw, man;

Down *Lowrie*'s *burn* he took a turn,
And *Carleton* did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' ſword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor *Tammy Gage* within a cage
Was kept at *Boſton ha'*, man;
Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man:
Wi' ſword an' gun he thought a ſin
Guid Chriſtian bluid to draw, man;
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked ſma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like ſpur an' whip,
Till *Fraſer* brave did fa', man;
Then loſt his way, ae miſty day,
In *Saratoga* ſhaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckſkins claw, man;
But *Clinton*'s glaive frae ruſt to ſave
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then *Montague*, an' *Guilford* too,
Began to fear a fa', man:
An' *Sackville* doure, wha ſtood the ſtoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man:
An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,
And lows'd his tinker jaw, man.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game ;
Till Death did on him ca', man ;
When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man :
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For *North* an' *Fox* united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie*'s cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man :
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man !
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

Behind the throne then *Grenville*'s gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While slee *Dundas* arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man ;
An' *Chatham*'s wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, rise !
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

But, word an' blow, *North*, *Fox*, *and Co.*
Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
Till *Suthron* raise, an' cooft their claise
Behind him in a raw, man :
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To mak' it guid in law, man.

* * * * * * *

SONG.

Tune, *My Nanie, O.*

BEHIND yon hill where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' moſſes many, O,
The wintry ſun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The weſtlin wind blaws loud an' ſhill;
The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll ſteal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, ſweet and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As ſpotleſs as ſhe's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thought are a', my Nanie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His ſheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;

But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will ſen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

SONG.

Tune, *Corn Rigs are bonie.*

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentleſs head,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' ſma' perſuaſion ſhe agreed,
To ſee me thro' the barley.

The ſky was blue, the wind was ſtill,
The moon was ſhinning clearly;
I ſet her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her moſt ſincerely;
I kiſs'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My bleſſings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!

But by the moon and ſtars ſo bright,
That ſhone that hour ſo clearly !
She ay ſhall bleſs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinking ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleaſures e'er I ſaw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, *I had a horſe, I had nae mair.*

NOW weſtlin winds, and ſlaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleaſant weather :
The moorcock ſprings, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon ſhines bright, when I rove at night,
To muſe upon my Charmer.

But boundleſs oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and ſoul from thee:

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the laſt throb that leaves my heart,
While death ſtands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that lateſt ſigh!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the raſhes, O;
Green grow the raſhes, O;
The ſweeteſt hours that e're I ſpent,
Are ſpent amang the laſſes, O.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that paſſes, O:
What ſignifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the laſſes, O.
Green Grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chaſe,
An' riches ſtill may fly them, O;

An' tho' at laſt they catch them faſt,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapſalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

For you ſae douſe, ye ſneer at this,
Ye're nought but ſenſeleſs aſſes, O:
The wiſeſt Man the warl' ſaw,
He dearly lov'd the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld nature ſwears, the lovely dears
Her nobleſt work ſhe claſſes, O:
Her prentice han' ſhe try'd on man,
An' then ſhe made the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

THE FAREWELL.

To the brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbelton.

Tune, *Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *myſtic tye!*
Ye ſavored, *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my ſocial joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands muſt hie,
Purſuing Fortune's ſlidd'ry ba'

With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you ſtill, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your ſocial Band,
And ſpent the chearful, feſtive night;
Oft, honour'd with ſupreme command,
Preſided o'er the *Sons of light*:
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftſmen* ever ſaw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart ſhall write
Thoſe happy ſcenes when far awa!

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Deſign*,
Beneath th' Omniſcient Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* Divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still riſing by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completly ſhine,
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

And *You*, farewell! whoſe merits claim,
Juſtly that *higheſt badge* to wear!
Heav'n bleſs your honour'd, noble name,
To *Maſonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A laſt requeſt permit me here,
When yearly ye aſſemble a',
One *round*, I aſk it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard that's far awa*.

THE BIG BELLYED BOTTLE.

Tune, *Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly*, &c.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are there,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the Squire on his brother——his horse;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts*,—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown:
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of a care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true brother of the Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when prest with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

SONG.

A Man's a Man, for a' that.

Is there for honeſt poverty,
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward ſlave we paſs him by,
  And dare be poor, for a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Our toils obſcure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea ſtamp,
  The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their ſilk, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinſel ſhew, an' a' that;
An honeſt man, though ne'er ſae poor,
  Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye ſee yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha ſtruts and ſtares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worſhip at his word,
  He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  His ribband, ſtar, and a' that;
A man of independent mind,
  Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that,

An honeſt man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities, and a' that:
The pith o' ſenſe, and pride o' worth,
Are grandeur far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it ſhall for a' that;
That ſenſe an worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Its comin yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

SONG.

Written and ſung at a General Meeting of the Exciſe-Officers in Scotland.

THE de'il cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciſeman;
And ilka auld wife cry'd, 'Auld Mahoun,
'We wiſh you luck o' the prize man.

CHORUS.

'We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
'We'll dance and ſing and rejoice man;
'And mony thanks to the muckle black de'il
'That danc'd awa wi' the Exciſeman.

'There's threeſome reels, and fourſome reels,
'There's hornpipes and ſtrathſpeys, man;

'But the ae beſt dance e'er cam to our lan',
'Was the de'il's awa wi' the Exciſeman.'

CHORUS.

'We'll mak our maut, &c.'

SONG.

The Laſs that made the Bed to me.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The darkſome night did me enfauld,
I kend na whare to lodge till day;
By my guid luck a laſs I met,
Juſt in the middle of my care,
And kindly ſhe did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courteſie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bad her mak a bed for me;
She made the bed both large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands ſhe ſpread it down;
She put the cup to her roſy lips,
And drank, "Young man now ſleep ye ſound."

She ſnatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' ſpeed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay ſome mair below my head.
A cod ſhe laid below my head,
And ſerved me wi' due reſpect;

And to ſalute her wi' a kiſs,
I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands, young man, ſhe ſays,
And dinna ſae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony love for me,
O wrang na my virginity!
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The laſs that made the bed to me.

Her boſom was the driven ſnaw,
Twa drifted heaps ſae fair to ſee,
Her limbs the poliſh'd marble ſtane
The laſs that made the bed to me.
I kiſs'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay ſhe wiſt na what to ſay;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
The laſſie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we raiſe,
I thank'd her for her courteſie;
But ay ſhe bluſh'd, and ay ſhe ſigh'd,
"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
I claſp'd her waiſt and kiſs'd her ſyne,
While the tear ſtood twinklin' in her e'e;
I ſaid, My laſſie dinna cry,
For ye ay ſhall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland ſheets,
And made them a' in ſarks to me;
Blythe and merry may ſhe be,
The laſs that made the bed to me;
The bonie laſs made the bed to me,
The braw laſs made the bed to me.

I'll ne'er forſake till the day I die,
The laſs that made the bed to me.

SONG.

Here awa, there awa, &c.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie.
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame.;
Come to my boſom, my ain only dearly,
Tell me thou bring'ſt me, my Willie, the ſame.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
Welcome, now Simmer, and welcome, my Willie ;
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Reſt, ye wild ſtorms, in the cave of your ſlumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

But ah, if he's faithleſs. and minds na his Nanie,
Flow ſtill between us, thou wide roaring main.
May I never ſee it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

SONG.

On a Bank of Flowers.

ON a bank of flowers one Summer's day,
For Summer lightly dreſs'd,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and ſleep oppreſs'd.

When Willy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had ſu'd,
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
And termbl'd when he ſtood.

Her cloſed eyes, like weapons ſheath'd,
Were ſeal'd in ſoft repoſe,
Her lips ſtill as the fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the roſe.
The springing lilies ſweetly preſs'd,
Wild wanton kiſs'd her rival breaſt:
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd
His boſom ill at reſt.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace,
Her lovely form, her native eaſe,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulſes roll,
A flatt'ring ardent kiſs he ſtole:
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd
And ſigh'd his very ſoul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear inſpired wings;
So Nelly ſtartling, half awake,
Away affrighted ſprings.
But Willy follow'd as he ſhould,
He overtook her in the wood,
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

SONG.

I gaed a weefu' gate yestreen.

I GAED a weefu' gate yeſtreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa ſweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roſes wet wi' dew,
Her heaving boſom lily white,
It was her een ſae bonny blue.

She talk'd, ſhe ſmil'd, my heart ſhe wyl'd,
She charm'd my ſoul I wat na how,
And ay the ſtound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een ſae bonny blue.
But ſpare I'd ſpeak, and ſpare I'd ſpeed,
She'll ablins liſten to my vow,
Should ſhe refuſe, I'll lay my deed,
To her twa een o' bonny blue.

SONG.

The Banks of the Devon.

HOW pleaſant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green ſpreading buſhes, and flowers blooming fair,
But the bonnieſt flower on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a ſweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the ſun on this ſweet bluſhing flower.
In the gay roſy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;
And gentle the fall of the ſoft vernal ſhower,
That ſteals on the ev'ning each leaf to renew.

O ſpare the dear bloſſom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye uſher the dawn :
And far be thou diſtant, thou reptile that ſeizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, diſplay her proud roſe ;
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, ſweet Devon, meandering flows.

SONG.

The Chevalier's Lament after the Battle of Culloden.

Tune,——*Captain Oakain.*

THE ſmall birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murm'ring ſtreamlet runs clear thro' the vale,
The primroſes blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild ſcatter'd cowſlips bedeck the green dale
But what can give pleaſure, or what can ſeem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd by care
No birds ſweetly ſinging, nor flowers gaily ſpringing
Can ſoothe the ſad boſom of joyleſs deſpair.

The deed that I dar'd, cou'd it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne !
His right are theſe hills, and his right are theſe vallies
Where the wild beaſts find ſhelter, but I can find none

But 'tis not my ſufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your faith prov'd ſo loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return.

SONG.

Miss Peggy K———.

Tune,——*Laſt time I came o'er the muir.*

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonnieſt laſs,
She's bluſhing like the morning;
The roſy dawn the ſpringing graſs,
With pearly gems adorning,
Her eyes outſhine the radiant beams,
That gild the paſſing ſhower,
And glitter on the cryſtal ſtreams,
And chear each freſh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherry's bright,
A richer die has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's ſight,
And ſweetly tempt to taſte them.
Her ſmiles are like the ev'ning mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands diſporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such ſweetneſs would relent her;
As blooming ſpring unbends the brow
Of ſavage, ſurly winter.

Detraction's eye no arm can join
Her winning powers to leſſen;
And ſpiteful envy grins in vain
The poiſon'd toothe to faſten.

Ye powers of honor, love and truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inſpire the highly favour'd youth
The deſtinies intend her;
Still fan the ſweet connubial flame,
Reſponſive in each boſom;
And bleſs the dear parental name,
With many a filial bloſſom.

SONG.

Laſt May a braw wooer.

LAST May a braw woer came down frae the g'en,
And fair wi' his love he did deave me;
I ſaid there was neathing I hated like men,
But, how could the gowk e'er believe me, believe me?
But, how could the gowk e'er believe me?

He ſpak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I ſaid he might die when he liked for Jean,
But the Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
But the Lord forgi'e me for lying.

A weel ſtocket mailen, himſel' for the laird,
And marriage aff han' was his proffer:
I never let on that I kent it or car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer, waur offer,
But I thought I might get a waur offer.

But what do you think! in a fortnight or leſs,
The de'il tak his haſte to gang near her;
He up the lang lane to my black couſin Beſs,
Gueſs ye how the ſlut I could bear her, could bear her,
Gueſs ye how the ſlut I could bear her.

But a' the neiſt week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryſt o' Dalgarnock,
An' wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
He glowr'd as he had ſeen a warlock, a warlock,
He glowr'd as he had ſeen a warlock.

But o'er my left ſhou'der I gied him a blink,
Leſt nebors might ſay I was ſaucy;
My lover he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
An' ſwore that I was his dear laſſy, dear laſſy,
An' ſwore that I was his dear laſſy.

I ſpier'd for my couſin fu' couthie and ſweet,
Gin ſhe had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new ſhoon fit her auld ſhachl'd feet,
But, Lord! how he fell a ſwearin', a ſwearin',
But, Lord! how he fell a ſwearin'.

He begged for gudeſake I wad be his wife,
Or elſe I would kill him wi' ſorrow;
So juſt to preſerve the poor body in life,
I believe I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I believe I maun wed him to-morrow.

SONG.

ANNA.

Tune,——*Banks of Banna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body ſaw na;

Yeſtreen lay on this breaſt o' mine
The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderneſs
Rejoicing o'er his Manna,
Was naething to my honey bliſs
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye Monarchs take the Eaſt and Weſt,
Frae Indus to Savannah,
Gie me within my ſtraining graſp,
The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll deſpiſe imperial charms,
An Empreſs or Sultana;
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take with Anna.

Awa, thou ſlaunting god of day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk ſtar gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven-plumage, Night!
Sun, moon, and ſtars, withdraw a'!
And bring an angel-pen to write
My tranſports wi' my Anna!

SONG.

The Five Carlins.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune,——*Chevy Chaſe.*

THERE were five Carlins in the ſouth,
They fell upon a ſcheme,

To fend a lad to Lon'on town
To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
But do our errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honor baith
Might be that laddie's fhare.

There was Maggie by the banks o' the Nith*,
A dame wi' pride enough :
And Marjorie o' the money Loch†,
A Carling auld and teugh.

And blinkin Befs o' Annandale‡
That dwells near Solway fide,
And Whifkey Jean that took her gill§,
In Galloway fo wide.

And auld black Joan frae Creighton peel¶,
O' gipfy kith and ken,
Five wightier Carlins were na found
The South kintra within.

To fend a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day,
And monie a Knight and monie a Laird
That errand fain wad gae.

O' monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
This errand fain wad gae,
But nae ane could their fancy pleafe,
O' ne'er a ane but twae.

The firft ane was a belted Knight,
Bred o' a border band,

* Dumfries. † Lochmabin. ‡ Annan.
§ Kirkculdbright. ¶ Sanquhar.

An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withſtand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad ſay,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Wad bid to him guid day.

Then nieſt cam in a Sodger youth,
And ſpak wi' modeſt grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If ſae their pleaſure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gift,
Nor meikle ſpeech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honeſt heart
Wad ne'er deſert his friend.

Now whom to chooſe and whom refuſe;
To ſtrife thae Carlins fell;
For ſome had gentle folk to pleaſe,
And ſome wad pleaſe themſel.

Then out ſpak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
An' ſhe ſpak out wi' pride,
An' ſhe wad ſend the Sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
She did not care a pin,
But ſhe wad ſend the Sodger youth
To greet his eldeſt Son.

Then up ſprang Beſs o' Annandale:
A deadly aith ſhe's taen,
That ſhe wad vote the border Knight,
Tho' ſhe ſhould vote her lane.

For far off fowls hae feathers fair,
An' fools o' change are fain ;
But I hae tried the border Knight,
I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,
A Carlin ſtout and grim,
The auld guidman or young guidman,
For me may ſink or ſwim.

For fools may prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to ſcorn ;
But the Sodger's friends hae blawn the beſt,
Sae he ſhall bear the horn.

Then whiſky Jean ſpak o'er her drink,
Ye weel ken kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

And monie a friend that kiſs'd his caup,
Is now a frammit wight ;
But it's ne'er ſae wi' whiſky Jean,
We'll ſend the border Knight.

Then ſlow raiſe Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow :
Her ancient weed was ruſſet gray,
Her auld Scot's heart was true.

There's ſome great folks ſet light by me,
I ſet as light by them ;
But I will ſend to Lon'on town
Wha I lo'e beſt at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end,
Nae mortal wight can tell ;

G—d grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to himsel.

SONG.

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a-breaking, dear tittie;
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
To anger them, &c.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen
What care I, &c.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
Gude day to you brute, he comes ben,
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?
He brags, &c.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
But wha can, &c.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
O wha will, &c.

Yeſtreen at the valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a ſten'
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen.
For thrice, &c.

The laſt hollowe'en I was waukin
My droukit ſark ſleeve, as ye ken,
His likeneſs cam up the houſe ſtauking,
And the vera grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
And the vera, &c.

Come counſel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gin ye will adviſe me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.
Gin ye will, &c.

SONG.

The Soldier's Return.

WHEN wild war's deadly blaſt was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleaſures beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning;
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapſack a' my wealth,
A poor but honeſt Soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breaſt,
My hand unſtain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching ſmile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I ſported,
I paſt the mill, and tryſting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.
Wha ſpied I but mine ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was ſwelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo' I, ſweet laſs,
Sweet as yon hawthorn bloſſom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's deareſt to thy boſom.
My purſe is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've ſerv'd my King and country lang,
Take pity on a Soldier.

Sae wiſtfully ſhe gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' ſhe, a Soldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I ſhall never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely ſhall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the ſake o't.

She gaz'd—ſhe redden'd like a roſe—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She ſank within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

By him who made yon ſun and ſky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!——and thus may ſtill
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee ſtill true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'ſe ne'er be parted.
Quo' ſhe, my grandſire left me gowd,
A mailin' pleniſh'd fairly:
Come then, my faithful Soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly?

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the Soldier's prize,
The Soldier's wealth is honour:
The brave poor Soldier ne'er deſpiſe,
Nor count him as a ſtranger;
Remember, he's his country's ſtay,
In day and hour of danger.

SONG.

THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hills the eaſtern ſtar,
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo;
And owſen frae the furrow'd field,
Returns ſae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where ſcented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkeſt glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er ſae wild,
And I were ne'er ſae wearie O
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter loe's the morning ſun,
To rouſe the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fiſher ſeeks the glen,
Alang the burn to ſteer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It maks my heart ſae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

SONG.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN Gray came here to woo, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On new-year's day when we were fou, ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie cooſt her head fu' high,
Look'd aſklent and unco ſheigh,
Gart poor Duncan ſtand abeigh, ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan ſleach'd, and Duncan pray'd, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailſa craig, ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan ſigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith blear'd and blin',
Spak o' louping o'er a lin, ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Time and chance are but a tide, ha, ha. the wooing o't,
Slighted love is fair to bide, ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Shall I like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty huſſy die;
She may gae to France for me, ha, ha, the wooing o't.
How it comes let Doctors tell, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew ſick, as he grew well, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Something in her boſom wrings,
For relief a ſigh ſhe brings,
And oh!, her een they ſpak ſic things, ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan was a lad of grace, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggy's was a tickliſh caſe, ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Duncan could not be her death,
Swelling pity ſmoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouſe and canty baith, ha, ha, the wooing o't.

SONG.

O wat ye wha's in yon Town.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye ſee the e'ening ſun upon?
The deareſt maid's in yon town,
That e'ening ſun is ſhining on.
Now, haply, down yon gay green ſhaw,
She wanders by yon ſpreading tree,
How bleſt ye flow'rs that round her blaw!
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How bleſt ye birds that round her ſing,
And wanton in the blooming year :
But doubly welcome be the ſpring,
The ſeaſon to my Jeanie dear.

The ſun blinks blythe on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes ſae green,
But my delight in yon town,
And deareſt pleaſure, is my Jean.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradiſe could yield me joy ;
But gie me Annie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary ſky.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air,
And ſhe a lovely little flower,
That I would tent and ſhelter there.

O ſweet is ſhe in yon town
The ſinking ſun's gaun down upon ;
The deareſt maid's in yon town
His ſetting beam e'er ſhone upon.

If angry fate be ſworn my foe,
And ſuff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careleſs quit ought elſe below ;
But ſpare, oh ! ſpare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's deareſt blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her ſhall ne'er depart ;
For as moſt lovely is her form,
She has the trueſt, kindeſt heart.

SONG.

CALEDONIA.

THEIR groves o' ſweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming ſummers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
With the burn ſtealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gown lurk lowly unſeen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A lift ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.
Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay ſunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blaſt on the wave;
Their ſweet-ſcented woodlands that ſkirt the proud palace.
What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and ſlave.
The ſlave's ſpicy foreſts, and gold bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' diſdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.

SONG.

POLLY STEWART.

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart.
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half ſae fair as thou art.

THE roſe it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
An' art can ne'er renew it,

But worth an' truth, a lafting youth,
Will gie to Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

Thy looks expreſs a ſweet exceſs,
An' I wi' pleaſure view it,
Wi' ſhape ſae fine, O were it mine,
My charming Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

In azure ſkies, I ſee thine eyes,
An' cryſtal ſtreams avow it,
Thy dimpl'd cheek, nae youth can meet,
An' no love Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c,

What man could gueſs a country laſs
Wad be ſae fair as thou art;
Nae city belle, can thee excel,
My pretty Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

Twin'd in my arms wi' a' thy charms,
Poſſeſſing ſic a true heart,
Thro' life I'll prove, how dear I love,
My pretty Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

SONG.

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam to ſee;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Chriſtendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But juſt a drippie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
An' ay we'll taſte the barley brie.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
An' mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift ſae hie:
She ſhines ſae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my ſooth ſhe'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha firſt ſhall riſe to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha firſt beſide his chair ſhall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

SONG.

My Mary, dear departed Shade.

THOU lin'gring ſtar, with leſs'ning ray,
That lov'ſt to greet the early morn,
Again thou uſher'ſt in the day
My Mary from my ſoul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed ſhade!
Where is thy place of bliſsful reſt?
Seeſt thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'ſt thou the groans that rend his breaſt?

That ſacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hollow'd grove?
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love.
Eternity cannot efface
Thoſe records dear of tranſports paſt:
Thy imagine at our laſt embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our laſt.

Ayr, gurgling, kiſs'd its pebbled ſhore,
O'erhung with wild-woods thick'ning green,
The fragrant birch an' hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd ſcene:
The flowers ſprang wanton to be preſt,
The birds ſang love on every ſpray,
Till too, too ſoon the glowing weſt,
Proclaim'd the ſpeed of winged day.

Still o'er theſe ſcenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miſer care;
Time but th' impreſſion ſtronger makes,
As ſtreams their channels deeper wear:
My Mary, dear departed ſhade!
Where is thy place of bliſsful reſt?
Seeſt thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'ſt thou the groans that rend his breaſt?

SONG.

Sic a Wife as Willie had.

WILLIE Waſtle dwalt on Tweed,
The ſpot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabſter gude,
Cou'd ſtown a clue wi' ony boddie;

He had a wife was dour an' din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither:
Sic a Wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the vera colour;
Five ruſtie teeth forby a ſtump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiſkin beard about her mou,
Her noſe and chin they threaten ither:
Sic a Wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein ſhinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed ſhorter;
She's twiſted right, she's twiſted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breaſt,
The twin o' that upon her ſkouther:
Sic a Wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle ſits,
An' wi' her loof her face a waſhin:
But Willie's wife is nae ſae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a huſhion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sic a Wife as Willie had.
I wad na gie a button for her.

SONG.

The Braes o' Ballochmyle.

THE Catrine woods were yellow ſeen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee;

Nae lav'rock ſang on hillock green,
But nature ſicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria ſang,
Herſel in beauty's bloom the while,
An' ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flouriſh freſh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
Nae joys, alas! for me are here,
Nae pleaſure find I in this ſoil,
Until Maria 'gain appear,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

SONG.

The Banks o' Doon.

YE banks an' braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom ſae freſh an' fair;
How can you chant, ye little birds,
An' I ſae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To ſee the roſe and woodbine twine;
An' ilka bird ſang o' its love,
An' ſoudly ſae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightſome heart I pu'd a roſe,
Fu' ſweet upon its thorny tree;
An' my fauſe lover ſtole my roſe,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SONG.

The Gallant Weaver.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the ſea,
By mony a flow'r and ſpreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
An' I was fear'd my heart would tine,
An' I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie ſign'd my tocher-band
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
An' give it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in ſimmer ſhowers,
I'll love my gallant weaver. *

SONG.

Country Laſſie.

IN ſimmer when the hay was mawn,
An' corn wav'd green in ilka field,

* In ſome Editions SAILOR is ſubſtituted for WEAVER.

While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
An' roſes blaw in elka bield;
Blythe Beſſie in the milking ſhiel,
Says I'll be wed come o't what will;
Out ſpak a dame in wrinkled eild,
O' gude adviſement comes nae ill.

Its ye hae wooers mony ane,
An' laſſie ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buſkie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buſkie-glen,
I dinna care a ſingle ſtee;
He lo'es ſae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to ſpare for me:
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
An' weel a wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buſhie-glen an' a' his gear.

O thoughtleſs laſſie, life's a faught;
The cannieſt gate, the ſtrife is ſair;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin beſt,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But ſome will ſpend, and ſome will ſpare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
An' gear will buy me ſheep and kye;

But the tender heart o' leefome love,
The gowd an' filler canna buy :
We may be poor——Robie an' I,
Light is the burden love lays on ;
Content and love brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

SONG.

O for ane an' twenty Tam.

An' O, for ane an' twenty, Tam !
An' hey, ſweet ane an' twenty Tam !
I'll learn my kin a rattlin ſang,
An' I ſaw ane an' twenty, Tam !

THEY ſnool me ſair, and haud me down,
An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
But three ſhort years will ſoon wheel roun',
An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
At kith or kin I need na ſpier,
An' I ſaw ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I myſel hae plenty, Tam ;
But hear'ſt thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam !
An' O, for ane, &c.

SONG.

ANNA

ANNA, thy charms my boſom fire,
An' waſte my ſoul with care;
But ah! how bootleſs to admire,
When fated to deſpair!
Yet in thy preſence, lovely Fair!
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For ſure 'twere impious to deſpair
So much in ſight of Heav'n.

SONG.

For the Sake o' Somebody.

MY heart is ſair I dare na tell,
My heart is ſair for ſomebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the ſake of ſomebody.
Oh-hon! for ſomebody!
Oh-hey! for ſomebody!
I could range the world around,
For the ſake o' ſomebody.

Ye powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
O, ſweetly ſmile on ſomebody!
Fra ilka danger keep him free,
And ſend me ſafe my ſomebody.
Oh-hon! for ſomebody!
Oh-hey! for ſomebody!
I wad do——what wad I not?
For the ſake o' ſomebody!

SONG.

Beſs and her ſpinning Wheel.

O LEEZE me on my ſpinning wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll ſet me down and ſing and ſpin,
While laigh deſcends the ſimmer ſun,
Bleſt wi' content, and milk and meal——
O leeze me on my ſpinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The ſcented birk and hawthorn white
Acroſs the pool their arms unite,
Alike to ſcreen the birdie's neſt:
And little fiſhes caller reſt:
The ſun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where, blythe I turn my ſpinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cuſhats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The ſwallow jinkin round my ſhiel,
Amuſe me at my ſpinning wheel.

Wi' ſma' to ſell, and leſs to buy,
Aboon diſtreſs, below envy,

O wha wad leave this humble ſtate,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinſome joys,
Can they the peace and pleaſure feel
Of Beſſy at her ſpinning wheel.

SONG.

What can a young Laſſie do wi' an auld Man.

WHAT can a young laſſie, what ſhall a young laſſie,
What can a young laſſie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To ſell her poor Jenny for ſiller an lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hoſts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can pleaſe him, do a' that I can;
He's peeviſh, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll croſs him, and wrack him until I heart-break him
And then his auld braſs will buy me a new pan.

SONG.

Then Guidwife count the Lawin.

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er ſtray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy's ſtars and moon,
And blude red wine's the ryſin ſun.

Then guidewife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidewife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and eaſe for gentlemen,
And ſemple-folk maun fecht and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then guidewife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool!
And pleaſure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.

SONG.

My Tocher's the Jewel.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thanks my luve I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nouriſh the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cheriſh the bee,
My laddie's ſae meikle in luve wi' the ſiller,
He canna hae luve to ſpare for me.

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Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
You're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotton tree,
Ye'll flip fra me like a knotleſs thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

SONG.

John Anderſon, my jo.

IMPROVED BY ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN Anderſon, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
To riſe ſo ſoon in the morning, and ſit up ſo late at e'en.
Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John, and why ſhould you do ſo,
Gang ſooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderſon, my jo.

John Anderſon, my jo, John, whan nature firſt began
To try her canny hand, John, her maſter-work was *man*;
And you amang them a' John, ſae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-work, John Anderſon, my jo.

John Anderſon, my jo, John, ye were my firſt conceit,
And ye need na think it ſtrange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
Tho' ſomefolk ſay ye're auld, John, I never thing ye ſo,
But I think ye're ay the ſame to me, John Anderſon, my jo.

John Anderſon, my jo, John, we've ſeen our bairns bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderſon, I'm happy in your arms,
And ſae are ye in mine, John—I'm ſure ye'll ne'er ſay no,
Tho' the days are gane that we have ſeen, John Anderſon, my jo.

John Anderſon, my jo, John, what pleaſure does it gie,
To ſee ſae many ſprouts, John, ſpring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lad and laſs, John, in our footſteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderſon, my jo.

'John Anderſon, my jo, John, when we were firſt acquaint,
'Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was brent,
'But now your *head*'s *turn'd bald*, John, your locks are like the ſnow,
'*Yet* bleſſings on your froſty pow, John Anderſon, my jo.

John Anderſon, my jo, John, frae year to year we've paſt
And ſoon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our laſt;
But let na' that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived, John Anderſon, my jo.

'John Anderſon, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
'And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
'Now we maun totter down, John, *but* hand in hand we'll go,
'And *we*'ll ſleep thegither at the foot, John Anderſon, my jo.'

SONG.

O, were I on Parnaſſus Hill.

Tune,—"*My love is loſt to me.*"

O WERE I on Parnaſſus' hill!
Or had of Helican my fill;
That I might catch poetic ſkill,
To ſing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muſe's well,
My muſe maun be thy bonnie ſell;
On Corſincon I'll glowr and ſpell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, ſweet muſe, inſpire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang ſimmer's day,
I coudna ſing, I coudna ſay,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I ſee thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waiſt ſae jimp, thy limbs ſae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguiſh e'en——
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breaſt inflame;
And ay I muſe and ſing thy name,
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the ſea, beyond the ſun,
'Till my laſt, wery ſand was run;
'Till then—and then I love thee.

SONG.

Tibbie, I hae ſeen the day.
Tune,—"*Invercald's Reel.*"

O Tibbie, I hae ſeen the day,
Ye would nae been ſae ſhy,
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye ſpak na, but gaed by like ſtoure;
Ye geck at me becauſe I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, laſs, but ye may think,
Becauſe ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can pleaſe me at a wink,
When'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But ſorrow tak him that's ſae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony ſaucy quean
That looks ſae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er ſae ſmart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll caſt your head anither airt,
And anſwer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll faſten to him like a brier,

Tho' hardly he for ſenſe or lear,
Be better than the kye
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, laſs tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you ſae nice;
The deil a ane wad ſpier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a laſs in yonder park,
I would na gie her under ſark,
For thee wi' a' thy thouſan' mark;
Ye need na look ſo high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

SONG.

A Roſe-Bud by my early walk.

A ROSE-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-incloſed bawk,
Sae gently bent is thorny ſtalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the ſhades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimſon glory ſpread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It ſcents the early morning.

Within the buſh, her covert neſt
A little linnet fondly preſt,
The dew ſat chilly on her breaſt
Sae early in the morning.

She ſoon ſhall ſee her tender brood,
The pride, the pleaſure o' the wood,

Amang the freſh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling ſtring or vocal air,
Shall ſweetly pay the tender care
That tents the early morning.

So thou, ſweet roſe-bud, young and gay
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bleſs the parent's ev'ning ray
That watch'd thy early morning. ‡

SONG.

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny laſſie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny laſſie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

NOW ſimmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the chryſtal ſtreamlets plays,
Come let us ſpend the lightſome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny laſſie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely ſing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny laſſie, &c.

The braes aſcend like lofty wa's,
The foaming ſtream deep-roaring fa's,

‡ This ſong was written during the winter of 1787. Miſs J. C. daughter of a friend of the Bard, is the heroine.

O'er-hung wi' fragrant ſpreading ſhaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny laſſie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And riſing weets wi' miſty ſhowers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny laſſie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er ſhall draw a wiſh frae me.
Supremely bleſt wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny laſſie, &c.

SONG.

Hey for a Laſs wi' a Tocher.

Tune,——"*Balinamona and ora.*"

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The ſlender bit beauty you graſp in your arms:
O, gie me the laſs that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the laſs wi' the weel-ſtockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey, for a laſs wi' a tocher; then hey for a laſs wi' a tocher,
Then hey, for a laſs wi' a tocher; the nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faſter, the faſter it grows
But the raptürous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk ſpring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes.

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bleſt,
The brighteſt o' beauty may cloy, when poſſeſt;
But the ſweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie impreſt,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're careſt.
Then hey, &c.

SONG.

Tune,—"*Let me in this ae night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou ſleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
For love has bound me, hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's ſake this ae night,
O riſe and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'ſt the winter wind and wet,
Nae ſtar blinks thro' the driving ſleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And ſhield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blaſt that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheaded fa's;
The cauldneſs o' thy heart's the cauſe
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

Her Anſwer.

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld diſdain,
Gae back the gate you cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The ſnelleſt blaſt, at mirkeſt hours,
That round the pathleſs wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor ſhe endures
That's truſted faithleſs man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The ſweeteſt flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vileſt weed:
Let ſimple maid the leſſon read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his ſummer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witleſs, truſting woman ſay
How aft her fate's the ſame, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

SONG.

DELIA.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning roſe;

But fairer ſtill my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the Lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful ſtill,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd buſy Bee
The roſey banquet loves to ſip;
Sweet the ſtreamlet's limpid lapſe
To the ſun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant inſect, rove!
O let me ſteal one liquid kiſs!
For Oh! my ſoul is parch'd with love!

SONG.

Queen Mary's Lamentation.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
Theſe walls can but echo my moan,
Alas! it increaſes my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone:
Thro' the grate of my priſon,
I ſee the birds as they wanton in air,
My heart how it pants to be free!
My looks they are wild with deſpair.

Above, tho' oppreſt by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my ſtate,
She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.

False woman ! in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be ;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell ;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
" O Mary, prepare thee to die,"
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

SONG.

The Wawking of the Fauld.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay ;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet wiel I like to meet her
At the wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare ;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
When'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt that ſhe ſings beſt:
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

SONG.

Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn-ſide;
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be his bride.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roſy, red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like drooping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And nothing ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a walk ſo ſweet.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheeks to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;
"And when a wife, as now a maid,
"To death I'll follow you."
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free;
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
"And I will follow thee."

SONG.

Auld Lang Syne.

SUD auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brought to min';
Sud auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days o' lang ſyne.

CHORUS.—*For auld lang syne my dear,*
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes
An' pow'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn
Frae mornin sun till dine,
But seas atween us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e danc'd an' clapp'd an' kiss'd
Wi' mony a blinkan quean;
Now we maun gaunt an' cry "*Hoch-hey!*"
For auld lang syne.

An' here's a loof my trusty fiere,
An' gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll tak a right gude willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

An' surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
An' certes! I'll be mine,
An' we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

SONG.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE Moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,

And from the eaſter'n ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea,
When ſoft and low a voice was heard,
Said, " Mary weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be,
She ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With viſage pale and hollow eye :
" O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
" It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea,
" Far, far from thee, I ſleep in death,
" So Mary, weep no more for me.

" Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
" We toſs'd upon the raging main ;
" And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
" But all our ſtriving was in vain :
" Ev'n then when horror chill'd my blood,
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
" The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
" So Mary, weep no more for me.

" O maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
" We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
" Where love is free from doubt and care,
" And thou and I ſhall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled,
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee :
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

SONG.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
O whither, ſhe cried, haſt thou wander'd, my lover,
Or here doſt thou welter and bleed on the ſhore?
What voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that ſigh'd,
All mournful ſhe haſten'd, nor wander'd afar,
When bleeding alone on the heath ſhe deſcried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded huſſar.

From his boſom that heav'd, the laſt torrent was
ſtreaming,
And pale was his viſage, deep mark'd with a ſcar,
And dim was that eye, once expreſſively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
How ſmit was poor Adelaide's heart at the ſight!
How bitter ſhe wept o'er the victim of war!
"Haſt thou come, my fond love, this laſt ſorrowful night
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded huſſar."

"Thou ſhalt live!" ſhe replied, "heaven's mercy
relieving,
Each anguiſhing wound ſhall forbid me to mourn;"
"Ah! no, the laſt pang in my boſom is heaving,
No light of the morn ſhall to Henry return;
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—"
His falt'ring tongue ſcarcely murmur'd adieu,
When he ſunk in her arms, the poor wounded huſſar.

SONG.

The Nabob.—By Miſs Blamire of Carliſle.

WHEN ſilent time wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
My native land I ſought again
Wi' mony hopes and fears;
Wha kens (thought I), if friends I left
Will aye continue mine;
Or gin I e'er again ſhall meet
The joys I left lang ſyne.

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way,
Ilk place I paſs'd ſeem'd yet to ſpeak
Of ſome dear former day:
Thoſe days that follow'd me afar:
Thoſe happy days o' mine,
Which made me think the joys at hand,
Were naething to lang ſyne.

My ivied tow'rs now met my e'en
Where minſt'rels us'd to bla,
Nae friend ſtept out wi' open arms;
Nae weel-kend face I ſaw,
Till DONALD totter'd to the door,
Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to ſee the lad come hame,
He bore about lang ſyne.

I ran to ilka weel kend place,
In hope to find friends there;

I ſaw where mony a ane had ſat,
And hung on mony a chair,
Till ſoft rememb'rance threw a veil
Acroſs theſe e'en o' mine.
I ſhut the door and ſobb'd aloud
To think on auld lang ſyne.

A new ſprung race o' motley kind
Would now their welcome pay,
Wha ſhudder'd at my gothic wa's,
And wiſh'd my groves away:
"Cut, cut theſe gloomy trees," they cried,
"Lay low yon mournfu' pine,"
Ah, no! your father's names are there,
Memorials o' lang ſyne.

To win me frae theſe waefou' thoughts,
They took me to the town,
Where ſoon in ilka weel-kend face,
I miſs'd the youthfu' bloom:
At balls they pointed to a Nymph,
Whom all declar'd divine,
But, ſure her Mother's bluſhin' face
Was fairer far, lang ſyne.

In vain I ſought in muſic's ſound,
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays,
Has thrill'd thro' a' my heart;
The ſang had many an artfu' turn;
My ear confeſs'd 'twas fine,
But miſs'd the ſimple melody
I liſten'd to lang ſyne.

Ye ſons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgive an auld man's ſpleen,
Wha midſt your gayeſt ſcenes ſtill mourns
The days he ance has ſeen:
When time is paſt, and ſeaſons fled,
Your hearts may feel like mine:
And aye the ſang will maiſt delight
That minds you o' lang ſyne.

SONG.

LOGAN BRAES.

BY Logan's ſtreams that runs ſae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded ſheep——
Herded ſheep, or gather'd ſlaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, wae's my heart theſe days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings meet wi' me——
Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk;
Well may I ſing theſe days are gane,
Frae kirk or fair I come alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far, frae me, and Logan braes.

SONG.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I have mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes riſe, and raiſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind;
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore,
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd,
By eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I maun deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee.
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gie then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame.
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SONG.

SADI THE MOOR.

THE trees ſeem to fade as the dear ſpot I'm viewing,
My eyes fall with tears as I look at the door,
And ſee the lov'd cottage all ſinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace and Sadi the moor;
Poor Sadi was merciful, honeſt, and cheary,
His friends were his life, for he valu'd them dearly,
And his ſweet dark ey'd Zelda, he lov'd her ſincerely:
Hard was the fate of poor Sadi the moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zelda was near him,
His children were ſmiling and prattling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true-love they tear him
And drag to the veſſel poor Sadi the moor.
The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her huſband ſeeking;
His children and friends at a diſtance were ſhreiking;
Poor Sadi cried out, while his ſad heart was breaking,
Pity the ſorrows of poor Sadi the moor.

In ſpite of his plaint to the galley they bore him,
His children and Zelda to mourn and deplore,
At morn from his feveriſh ſlumbers they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the moor.
At night up a loft, while the ſtill moon was clouding,
The thoughts of his babes on his wretched mind crouding,
He heav'd a laſt ſigh, and fell dead from the ſhrouding,
The ſea was the grave of poor Sadi the moor.

SONG.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the ſign of the horſe, old Spintext of courſe,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleaſant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical ſot,
Tol de rol de rol ti dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and ſubmiſſion;
Firſt ſtrok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, ſaid he, to beg, look d'ye ſee,
Of your reverend worſhip and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much ſpeed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why Lord, Sir, the corpſe it does ſtay:
You fool hold your peace, ſince miracles ceaſe,
A corpſe, Moſes, can't run away.

Then Moſes he ſmil'd, ſaying, Sir, a ſmall child
Cannot long delay your intentions,
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is ſmall
Can never enlarge its dimenſions.

Bring Moſes ſome beer, and bring me ſome, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor:
Come, Moſes, the King, 'tis a ſcandalous thing,
Such a ſubject ſhould be but a Vicar.

Then Moſes he ſpoke, Sir, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock,
Beſides there's a terrible ſhower;

Why Moſes, you elf, ſince the clock has ſtruck twelve,
I'm ſure it can never ſtrike more.

Beſides, my dear friend, this leſſon attend,
Which to ſay and to ſwear I'll be bold,
That the corpſe, ſnow or rain, can't endanger, that's plan,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moſes went on, Sir the clock has ſtruk one,
Pray maſter look up at the hand;
Why it ne'er can ſtrike leſs, 'tis a folly to preſs
A man for to go that can't ſtand.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But cram'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tip off a gill for fear they ſhould chill,
And then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a ſtave,
Whilſt the ſurplice was wrapt round the prieſt;
Where ſo droll was the figure of Moſes and Vicar,
That the pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpſe t'other way,
Or perchance I will over it ſtumble:
'Tis beſt to take care, tho' the ſages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn:
A man, that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r;
You ſee, Moſes, death ſpareth no man.

Here Moſes do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upſide down,
Such a ſcandalous print! ſure the devil is in't,
That this Baſket ſhould print for the crown.

Prithee, Moſes, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpſe in my ſtead.
(Amen, Amen.)
Why, Moſes, you're wrong, pray hold ſtill your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy ſting, Death! put the corpſe in the earth
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather:
So the corpſe was interr'd, without praying a word,
And away they both ſtagger'd together,
Singing *Tol de rol ti dol di dol.*

SONG.

Roy's Wife of Aldwaloch.

ROY's wife of Aldivaloch, Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
Wat ye how ſhe cheated me, as came o'er the braes of Balloch:
She vow'd, ſhe ſwore, ſhe wad be mine,
She ſaid ſhe looe'd me beſt of on'y,
But oh the fickle faithleſs quean,
She's ta'en the carl, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's Wife, &c.

O ſhe was a canty quean,
And weel ſhe danc'd the Highland walloch,
How happy I, had ſhe been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivaloch.
Roy's Wife, &c.

Her hair ſae fair, her een ſae clear,
Her wee bit mou' ſo ſweet and bonny,

To me ſhe ever will be dear,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's Wife, &c.

But Roy is aulder thrice than me,
Perhaps his days will no be mony,
Syne when the carl is dead and gane,
She then may turn her thoughts on Johnnie.
Roy's wife,-&c.

SONG.

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick Banks, in a Summer's night,
At gloming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and clapt her there fou lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, my laſſie, will ye go,
To the Highland hills, the Erſe to learn!
I'll baith gi' thee a cow and ewe,
When we come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
An herrings at the Broomy-Law,
Cheer up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When Winter froſts, and ſnaw begin;
Soon as the ſun goes waſt the loch,
At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,

I'll ſcrew my pipes, and pley a ſpring ;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant Summer back again.
Sine when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my Summer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu din,
That mak the kindly heart their ſport,
We'll laugh, and kiſs, and dance, and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

SONG.

Tho' Leixlip is proud, &c.

THO' Leixlip is proud of its cloſe ſhady bowers,
Its clear falling waters and murmuring caſcades,
Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of ſweet flowers,
Its lads ſo well dreſs'd, and its neat pretty maids ;
As each his own village muſt ſtill make the moſt of,
In praiſe of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong :
Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may boaſt of !
'Tis Nora, dear Norah ! the theme of my ſong.
Be gentlemen fine, with their ſpurs and nice boots on,
Their horſes to ſtart on the Curragh of Kildare ;
Or to dance at a ball with their Sunday's new ſuits on,
Lac'd waiſtcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair :
Poor Pat, while ſo bleſt in his mean humble ſtation,
For gold and for acres he never ſhall long ;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my ſong.

SONG.

Ballynamono. Ora.

YOU know I'm your prieſt, and your conſcience is mine,
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good ſign,
So leave of your racking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're ſettled for life.
Sing Ballynamono Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The bans being publiſh'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as ſnow,
So modeſt her air, and ſheepiſh your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book,
Sing Ballynamono, &c.

I thumb out the place, and then read away,
He bluſhes at love, and ſhe whiſpers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I ſhut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
That ſnug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wiſh joy to the bridegroom and bride
The pipers before us march ſide by ſide;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, myſelf I ſay the grace.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the flocking is thrown
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone

'Tis then my good boy, I believe you at home,
And hy for a chriſt'ning at nine months to come.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good merry chriſt'ning for me.

SONG.

Comin through the rye.

COMIN through the rye, poor body,
Comin through the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticotie,
Comin through the rye.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's ſeldom dry,
She's draigl't a her petticotie,
Comin through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin through the rye,
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body cry?
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin through the glen;
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need the warld ken?
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Kiſſin is the key of love,
And clappin is the lock,
And makin o's the beſt thing
That e'er a young thing got.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

THE

JOLLY BEGGARS;

OR,

TATTERDEMALLIONS;

A CANTATA.

Recitativo.

WHEN lyart leaves beſtrow the yird,
Or wavering like the Bauckie bird, *
Bedim cauld Boreas' blaſt;
When hailſtanes drive wi' bitter ſkyte,
An' infant froſts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreugh dreſt;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, grangrel bodies,
In Pooſie-Nanſie's held the ſplore,
To drink their orra duddies:
Wi' quaffing an' laughing,
They ranted and they ſang;
Wi' jumping an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

Firſt, neiſt the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane ſat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
An' knapſack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' uſquebæ an' blankets warm,
She blinket on her ſodger;

* An old Scotch name for the Bat.

An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither ſkelpin kiſs,
While ſhe held up her greedy gab,
Juſt like an amous diſh.
Ilk ſmack ſtill, did crack ſtill,
Juſt like a cadger's whip,
Then ſtaggering an' ſwaggering
He roar'd this ditty up——

AIR.

Tune,——*Soldier's Joy.*

I am a ſon of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And ſhow my cuts and ſcars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the ſound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

My prenticeſhip I paſt where my lader breath'd his laſt,
When the bloody die was caſt on the heights of Abram;
I ſerved out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the ſound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I laſtly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witneſs an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clattar on my ſtumps at the ſound of a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, tho' I muſt beg with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my pallet,
As when I us'd in ſcarlet to follow a drum,
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I muſt ſtand the winter ſhocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the tother bag I ſell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the ſound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

Recitativo.

He ended; and the kebars ſheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
An' ſeek the benmoſt bore:
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He ſkirl'd out encore!
But up aroſe the martial chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune,——*Soldier Laddie.*

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And ſtill my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The firſt of my loves was a ſwaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was ſo tight, and his cheek was ſo ruddy,
Tranſported I was with my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The ſword I forſook for the ſake of the church;
He ventur'd the *ſoul*, and I riſked the *body*,
'Twas then I prov'd falſe to my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full ſoon I grew ſick of my ſanctified ſot,
The regiment at large for a huſband I got:
From the gilded ſpontoon to the fife I was ready,
I aſked no more but a ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in deſpair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd ſo gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—— I know not how long,
And ſtill I can join in a cup or a ſong;
But whilſt with both hands I can hold the glaſs ſteady
Here's to thee, my hero, my ſodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Recitativo.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
Sat *guzling* wi' a tinkler *hizzie*;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themſelves they were ſae buſy.
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He ſtoiter'd up an' made a face;
Then turn'd an' laid a ſmack on Grizzy,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune,——*Auld Sir Symon.*

Sir Wiſdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a ſeſſion;
He's there but a prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profeſſion.

My grannie ſhe bought me a beuk,
An' I held awa to the ſchool;
I fear I my talent miſteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool.

For drink I would venture my neck,
A hizzie's the half of my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of an that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a ſtirk,
For civilly ſwearing an' quaffing;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
For towzing a laſs i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for ſport,
Let nobody name wi' a jeer;
There's ev'n, I'm tauld i' the court,
A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Obſerv'd ye yon *reverend* lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank ſquad,
It's *rivalſhip* juſt i' the job.

And now my concluſion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himſel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I.

Recitativo.

Then neiſt outſpak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to clerk the ſterling,
For mony a purſe ſhe had hooked,
And had in mony a well been ducked.

Her Dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the weafu' woodie!
Wi' ſighs an' ſobs ſhe thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune—*O an' ye were dead gudeman.*

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in ſcorn;
But he ſtill was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his ſide,
The ladies' hearts he did trapan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

Then baniſh'd him beyond the ſea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the laſt,
An' bound him in a dungeon faſt;
My curſe upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I muſt mourn
The pleaſures that will ne'er return;
Nae comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

Recitativo.

A pigmy Scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at tryſts an' fairs to driddle,
Her ſtrappan limb and gaucy middle
[He reach'd nae higher,]
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an Arioſo key,
The wee Apollo,
Set off wi' *Allegretto* glee
His giga ſolo.

AIR.

Tune——*Whiſtle owre the lave o't.*

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me an' be my dear,

An' then your ev'ry care an' fear,
May whiſtle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The ſweeteſt ſtill to wife or maid.
Was whiſtle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddings we'ſe be there,
An' O! ſae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouſe about till Daddie Care
Sing whiſtle owre the lave o't
I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' ſun ourſels about the dyke,
An' at our leiſure, when ye like,
We'll whiſtle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bleſs me, wi' your heav'n o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' ſic harms,
May whiſtle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Recitativo.

Her charms had ſtruck a ſturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-ſcraper!
He taks the Fiddler by the beard,
An' draws a ruſty rapier.——
He ſwoor by a' was ſwearing worth,
To ſpeet him like a pliver,

Unleſs he wad frae that time forth
Relinquiſh her for ever.

Wi' ghaſtly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
An' ſae the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve,
When round the Tinker preſt her,
He feign'd to ſnirtle in his ſleeve,
When thus the Caird addreſs'd her.

AIR.

Tune——*Clout the caudron.*

My bonny laſs, I work in braſs,
A tinker is my ſtation;
I've travell'd round all Chriſtian ground,
In this my occupation.
I've ta'n the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble ſquadron;
But vain they ſearch'd, when off I march'd
To go an' clout the caudron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Deſpiſe that ſhrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noiſe an' caprin,
An' tak a ſhare wi' thoſe that bear
The *budget* an' the *apron*.
An' *by* that ſtoup! my faith and houpe,
An' *by* that dear ‡ Keilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' ſcant,
May I na'er weet my craigie.
An' by that ſtoup, &c.

‡ A peculiar ſort of Whiſkey ſo called; a great favourite with Pooſie Nanſie's clubs.

Recitativo.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae fair,
An' partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino with an air,
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore an' aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' ‡ Homer's craft,
Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, an' lap like daft,
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie
O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever mist it.
He had nae wish but—— to be glad,
Nor want but—— when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—— to be sad,
An' thus the muse suggested
His sang that night.

‡ Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

AIR.

Tune——*For a' that, an' a' that.*

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
I've loft but ane, I've twa behin',
I've *wife enough* for a' that.

I never drank the Muſes' ſtank,
Caſtalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it ſtreams, an' richly reams,
My *Helicon* I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble ſlave, an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it ſtill
A mortal ſin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures ſweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, an' a' that;
But for how lang the *ſtie may ſtang*,
Let *inclination* law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, an' here's the *ſex!*
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
My *dearest bluid*, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't, for a' that.

Recitativo.

So ſung the bard——an' Nanſie's wa's
Shook wi a thunder of applauſe,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks' an' pawn'd their duds,
They ſcarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lown drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did requeſt,
To lowſe his pack an' wale a ſang,
A ballad o' the beſt:
He, riſing, rejoicing
Between his twa *Deborahs*,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—— *Jolly mortals fill your glaſſes.*

See! the ſmoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us ſing.

CHORUS.

A fig for thoſe by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feaſt!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to pleaſe the prieſt.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care!
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter *how or where!*
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended *carriage*
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about *decorum*
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wand'ring train!
Here's our ragged *brats* and *callets!*
One and all cry out, Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Come rouse Brother Sportsmen.*

COME rouse brother tars! hark the seamen all cry;
We're order'd to fight, let us conquer or die:
The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud roar,
Will chide dull landsmen, for ling'ring on shore.

Revenge has just sent us a prosperous gale,
Directs all our thunders, and fills every sail
She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,
And make us all rich, with the spoils of the main.

Leave, leave, my brave messmates, the smiles of the fair,
'Tis George that demands all the heart you can spare,
Then tell 'em that love must to glory give place;
Soon beauty shall welcome the conq'ror's embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports you must yield;
Here glory awaits you, on ocean's wide field;
We've excellent chace, nobler game we've in view,
'Tis Frenchmen that fly, while we Britons pursue.

Look yonder! look yonder! Monsieur is in sight,
Let's haste to bear down, and prepare for the fight;
But coward-like Frenchmen ne'er wait for the blow;
They failing of speed, humbly strike to their foe.

Like the sons of old England, once more we resume
The humbling their flags to our high riding broom,
Thy fleets, haughty Boneparte! have gi'en us our cue,
And pleas'd, thus we make the reprisals, long due.

SONG.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over
And nine long tedious days
Why didst thou vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of treasure
Views tempests in despair
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear.
Shou'd you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can you say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eye these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,

To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.
All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves stooping
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SONG.

Celia in a Jessamine bower.

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove westward his ray,
And the evening was charming and clear,
The swallows amain
Nimbly skim o'er the plain;
And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamine bower,
When the bean was in flower,
And zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lov'd Celia she sat
With her song and spinet,
And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

Rosy bowers she sung,
Whilst the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
The industrious bees,
From the flowers and the trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to the hive.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By *zephyrs* conducted along;
As she touch'd on the strings,
He beat with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.

O ye mortals beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound;
Your fate you can't shun,
For you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the sound.

SONG.

The Highland March.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our old ancestors, we stand by freedom's cause;
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews embrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-founding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are swift as the roe which the hind doth assail;

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